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IN LAMECH'S REIGN

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Here at this spring angels were wont to come.
Page 28.

IN LAMECH'S REIGN.

Glant
A. GLANVILLE.

TRANSLATED FROM RECENTLY DISCOVERED
AND VERY VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT PO-
ETRY OF THE ANTE-DILUVIANS.

CHICAGO.
A. FRANCOEUR & COMPANY.
1896.

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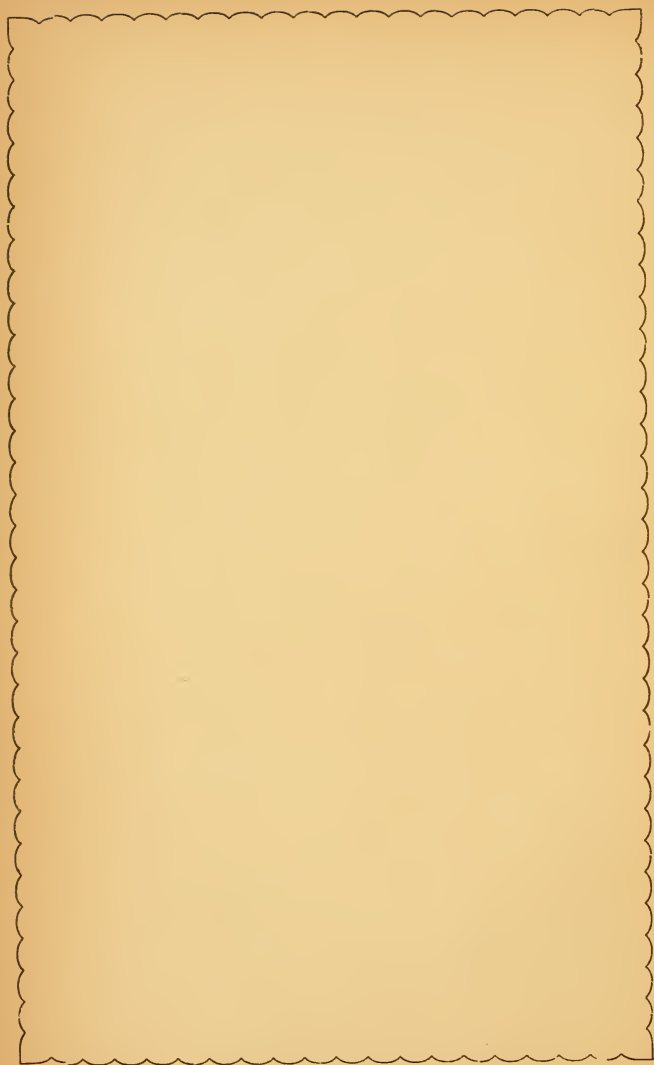


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Dedicated to
my Friends

A. Glanville



HISTORICAL.

Showing that the following poem was undoubtedly founded upon facts.

And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads. The name of the first is Pison: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold.— *Genesis 2: 10-11.*

Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden..... And he builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch. And unto Enoch was born Irad: and Irad begat Mahujael: and Mahujael begat Mathusael: and Mathusael begat Lamech: and Lamech took unto him two wives: the name of one was Adah, and the name of the other, Zillah. And Ada bare Jubal..... And his brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ. And Zillah, she also bare Tubal Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and Iron.— *Genesis 4: 16-22.*

....The sons of God came in unto the daugh-

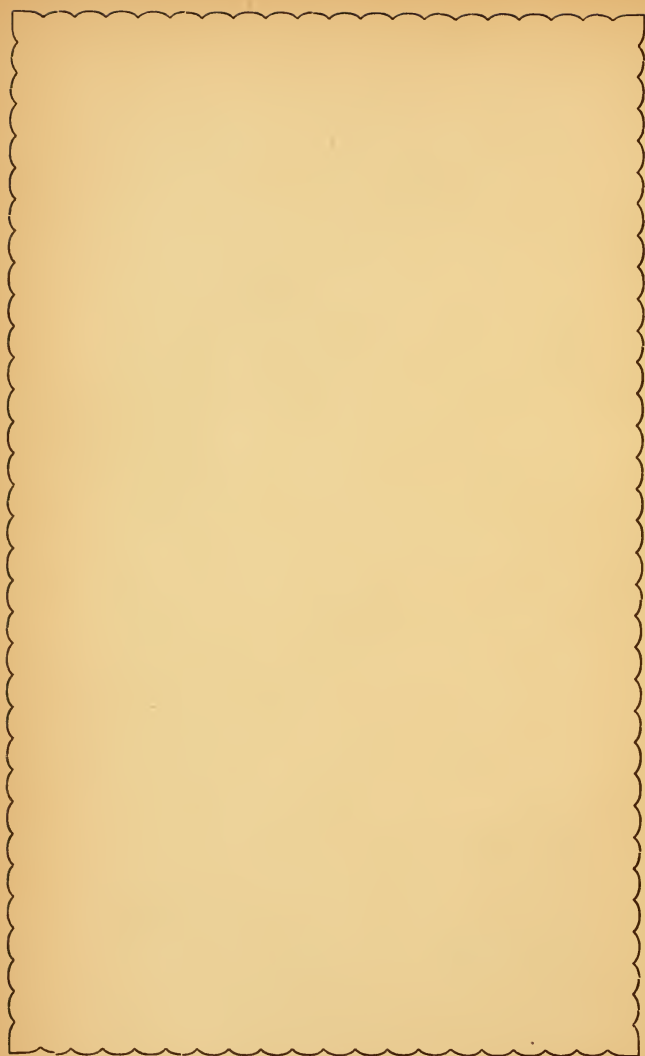
ters o men and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.—*Genesis 6: .*

And Cain built a city named Nod..... He built a city and fortified it with walls and called it Enoch. He augmented his household substance with much wealth, by rapine and violence. Lamech's son, Jubal, who was born of Ada, exercised himself in music, and invented the psaltery and the harp; but Tubal, one of his children by the other wife, exceeded all other men in strength, and was very expert and famous in martial performances.—*Josephus.*



Take me, O Muse, far back amidst first scenes:
Let me drink in such strains as Jubal played
When nature's face was perfect, ere the flood.
Beside thee let me stroll where Pison flowed, 1
To east of Eden. and where mighty men,
Long-lived, renowned, Cain's generations ruled.
Unblind me to the glories of the days,
O let my soul pour forth the tale of things,
When Lamech reigned, son of Mathusael,
And valorous and victorious Tubal led.

“Jubal exercised himself in music, and invented
the psaltery and the harp.”



IN LAMECH'S REIGN.*

BOOK I.

LOVE.

SYNOPSIS:—The trio, Jubal, Hannah and Rhoda, await the appearance of the messenger from the war. Their conversation, during which Hannah makes known Aziel's appearance to her. The messenger's report. Jubal repeats the legend of love.

LOVE SONG.

To be loved is just as sweet
As 'tis to love; words that rise
From my heart cannot repeat —
Their message; but, sweetheart, my eyes
Mirror all thy bliss!

Love divine, so kindly blent
Into all, and felt unspoken,
Fell from heavenly heights, unpent
When the golden urn was broken
By some hand remiss.

*In which the author has tried not so much to make an interesting tale as to portray three of the governing attributes of mankind.

Never dream so sweet before
Held my heart so surely fast—
Dream that whispers "wake no more!"
My first love shall be my last
In other world or this.

Sweet was the voice that softly sang the song,
While flowed melodious the notes from strings
That seemed to thrill with life at Jubal's touch,
For from that harp which knew no hand but his
Came breathing sounds that silenced all the birds
With wonder, and upon the bending branch
They perched and listened spellbound while he
woke

Such strains as seemed part of celestial themes.

Beside him sat fair Rhoda whom his heart
Held pure as the lily newly bloomed,
For fond affection such as lovers know
Star-lit his day and dream. And she, his love
And color of his life, (daughter of Tishra,
He who sat 'mong Enoch's honored men,)
Loved best his voice when it was tuned to woo.
And close beside her sister Hannah stood,
In her own musings lost, filled with fond thoughts
Of Tubal Cain, her lover, absent now,
For in distance remote, he, in the war

That called his valor forth, was in the conflict,
Foremost. There had her thoughts gone wandering;

She saw him leading on the host, his ire
The dreaded semblance of an unkind fate
To every enemy. Or else she saw
Him resting in his tent, his happier thoughts
Not of the rage of battle, but of love,
Of her. And when the tuneful echoes ceased
And silence brought the feathered throng again
Their sense of fear, unmoved still Hannah gazed
Into the distance with a dreamy eye,
In reverie lost, till Rhoda thus began:

RHODA. There is a dimness in your eyes that
seems

Like twilight when the spirit wanders forth,
Sweet sister mine; is there no charm for thee
In scene and sound that hold entranced all else?

HANNAH. What is the setting when the jewel's
gone?

This grass, these trees, are green, and yonder
brook

Runs careless onward, gurgling at its banks,
And when prince Jubal sings the wonted charm

Is in sweet music. But true love is greater
Than all these, and when affection such
As Tubal's speaks to memory, it strikes
All distance out and brings us to its source:
Thus was I borne away.

RHODA. 'Tis sweet indeed
To be so borne away; next happiest state
To being with our loves. But let our hearts,
Combining, call you back again.

HANNAH. They do.
Your love comes to my soul as comes the dew
Upon the thirsty flowers. Yet the rain
Must fall in drenching streams to make them live.
His love's the rain unto my soul that yearns,
As whose, indeed, does not? for more than balmy
Breaths of sympathy. I'd have him great
Yet would I give his glory for his presence,
And be so happy with the exchange that all
My hoarded smiles would fly into my lips.

'Twas only yester eve that, going forth
Into the garden just when comes the hour
That changes day into the night, I knelt
Beneath the trees, and lifting up my eyes
I asked a token of my lover's welfare.



A seeming vision of heaven's loveliness
To give me angel converse.
—Page 21.



Ah! and then among the branches like
A falling leaf came fluttering down
A seeming vision of heaven's loveliness
To give me angel-converse. Loosely flowed
His silver-silken robe his shoulders o'er
And fell around beneath his snowy wings,
Half hiding that perfected form that we,
Poor dwellers of the earth, do have no more.
His face benign and eyes like drops of love,
His moulded limbs, self painted with the glow
Of animated life, with loveliness
So stunned me that I knelt in sudden silence,
My half-spoken prayer upon my lips,
Gazing transfixed upon him. With a step
So light as scarcely seemed to bend the grass
Beneath his feet, he with such grace approached
Me that the bending even of his knee did seem
Significant of music; and in voice
Melodious fell from his lips these words:
"Our God, fair servant bid me answer those
Who love him."

With one deep drawn sigh of
rapture
I became as a new-planted flower

In the sun, and with th' excess of beauty
Or of love, I know not which, in tears
I bent before him.

JUBAL. Ah! God's trusted one!
'Twas he they call Aziel. He has come
In troubled times to others of our land.

HANNAH. Full soon my scattered thoughts re-
turning, thus

I faltering spoke: "O heavenly messenger,
Thou knowest all my heart, first tell me is
My lover well, and will he gain such fame
As victors crave?" and then again he spake
In that rich angel-voice, "Fair servant, great
Is Tubal Cain, Havillah's mighty prince.
Fear not, for he is seen by those beyond
The stars that chain fair heaven in. Rest thou
Content, for woe is banned from heaven, and
should

He fall what could we do but weep?" Again
I asked: "And will he be victorious?"
Thus answered he: "The just can never fail."
"But will my lover come as conqueror comes,
The saviour of his land?" persisted I.
He answered not, but thrice his downy wings

He wafted, and into the swadowy night
Arose and passed away like a soft zepher.

Thus Hannah ceased, and Jubal would have
spoken,
Rhoda too, so strong the interest
Of this angelic visitation spun
Its storied charm about them both, had not,
Meanwhile, the messenger appeared, and now
With that abruptness born of hardy life—
His low obeisance turning all their thoughts
With startling suddenness to lower themes—
And sentence brief, he thus accosted them:

MESSENGER. Your pardon, though I have some
moments stood,
Not being able to deliver what
Is now no more a charge.

JUBAL. We pardon thee;
For such a wondrous incident so filled
Our ears we heard you not approach. If you
Do wear your thoughts in open countenance
We have no news to dread. Then what advance
Has Tubal's courage made, and what of him
Of whom the angels seem solicitous?

MESS. According to the compact made between

Your worthy selves and Tubal Cain the while
He yet was in Havillah, I do serve
To let you know his fortunes, which, as far
As war's wild clamors go, is turbulent
As stormy sea. They meet us blow for blow,
But mighty Tubal Cain has hope, and leads
With eye as clear and arm as strong as when
He left the court. He bade me first of all
Repeat his love to her who loves him most.

HANNAH. Traitorous prince, to think of women
ere
Th' affairs of state.

MESS. Next did he charge me give
This missive into her own hands, which now
I do. To all he sends his fondest greetings,
Steadfast in the true determination
Soon or late will bring our honest cause
Success. This is the very sum of all
The sundry items to the king writ out
At length, save that unnumbered warriors fell
When last we met the stubborn enemy,
And more are made to mourn.

JUBAL. Ah, true, indeed !
And must the pain of lesser lives be felt

To make our heroes great ? Thus do th' extremes
Of love and duty meet and bring life's sadness
In. O, War ! how many years meanest thou
To stay ? How many an eye, red-fingered thou
Hast closed since first the direful news of this
Invasion came ! And yet not surfeited
Alone with blood, rich in its fearless flow,
As though thy heart had thirsted for an age,
You vengeful hold the cup of bitter grief
To mothers', fathers', sisters', trembling lips,
That, drunken down, quite chokes life's color out
And leaves but woful years ! What curious
Mixture of a stuff is Fate that broods
Oe'r such as this ?

MESS. I beg you do not think
Upon this strain, most worthy prince ; believe
Me, 'tis not meet for a musician's soul.

JUBAL. I love it not, indeed. God grant the
day
May speedy come when all this strife will end.

Meanwhile to Hannah Rhoda spoke with fond
Caress : Go, sister, for thy heart saith thou
Wouldst rather be alone to read the lines
Which are thy very own. I know, being

Woman, how much the sweeter are such words
When lingered oe'r unwatched by others' gaze.

HANNAH. Sweet sister mine, your eyes are
wondrous wise:

What's in these few small leaves within my heart
Must be in secret locked, for love is real
To those who love tho humor to all else.
Not many hours shall hold us so apart;
A short farewell that shall not last a day.

And looking back with happy smile ere lost
To view far in the turning pathway, Hannah
Went. Unto the armed messenger
Turned Rhoda, and impulsively arose
These words upon her lips:

RHODA. Messenger, how looks
Prince Tubal Cain? and is he well? and does
He smile when one by chance of Hannah speaks?
And does he seem to love her as she him?

MESS. Fair maiden, I am past my prime, and
this
My hair is turning from its color; but I know
What 'tis to love, and know the signs of love.
Even in the falling eyelash, or a sigh,
A blush—which is 'bove all, a woman's chiefest

Jewel—lovers hold their secrets up
That whosoever hath observant eye
And spark of humor in his soul, do know
The purport of. And when prince Tubal sent
Of late this message to his love, I could
But think how often in a passing glance
Great destinies are caught. Could heaven take
The last drop of all filial love from out
Her heart, and pour it full of love for him
Until it overflows, yet would his heart—
Held it no more—seem like an empty vessel;
So great his heart is and so deep his love.
But let not briefness for unkindness be
Mistook, tho more I say not. I am charged
With message to the king. I have too long
Delayed. And with your gentle leave I will
Toward the expectant court to finish this,
In warlike times that roar about us now,
A journey hazardous. God bless you both.

RHODA. How did his stern soul melt into his
words,
Remembering: "I know what 'tis to love".

JUBAL. The source of joy to those who have
grown old

When time has dulled all else. It is, indeed,
The spirit's blood and precious part of us.
There is a legend old concerning it
I think you have not heard. Thus it is told:

There is in bright Elysium a spring
That sends the waters of undying love
Eternal forth into the flowering meadow.
A spring set in among lilies abloom
Which never die in heaven, its pure stream
Runs on amid adorned banks until
It enters and is lost into the calm
Unceasing flow of life's eternal river.
Here at this spring angels were wont to come
Upon heaven's festivals, and take into
Their urns of pearl the waters of love that they
Might pledge their deep devotion and renew
The soul with that refreshment which it craves.
And so it was that Ajal filled his urn,
And on his flake-like wings began his flight
Returning. All was well save that the earth
Was young; and setting down the urn upon
The ramparts of the city, down he looked
To see the earth, the latest gift of God
To lesser beings—work miraculous



JUBAL.
Are always on the lea when summer's in
The heart.
—Page 32.



Even in an angel's eyes. Long gazed he down
In raptured wonder lost, till with a sigh
He rose with thoughtful mein, forgetting all
Else but such mighty work, what time his arm
O'erturned the urn, and like thick falling rain
Its contents fell down, down upon the earth.
Ah! then it was the world grew beautiful
Indeed! For then full-blown the flowers first
Were sudden born, and where each drop did fall
Some scented bloom upsprang. And trees that now
Do bear us fruit in season, then first shook
Their petals out and showed the sun their blossom.
Earth and all her trees and shrubs and plants
Ecstatic shivered, and burst forth into
Their myriad colors, blent harmoniously,
So beautiful that those whose eyes ne'er saw
In happiest dreams imagine only part.

Such is the legend old, and held by some
As something sacred.

RHODA. It is beautiful !

JUBAL. So beautiful we cannot call it false:
Still may it be a tale told to fill up
An empty hour, poured out from poet's lips
To solitude. Our hearts ask not the source;

From birth to death, and all the time between.
We feel the truth that love's so mixed in all
It links us with the unconscious tree that spreads
Its green leaves to the sun. And when we meet
As you and I, and friendly looks the soul
Unto a friend, how more than sweet to feel
The thrill of love, new-born, and not in vain.

RHODA. We love the rose abloom, but when it
fades—

What do we with our roses when they fade?

JUBAL. If this my love for you should fade
and die

Dream then no longer of eternal things,
For that same hour know that my spirit ceased !
My love shall be to thee the sheltering forest,
Warding off the storms of life that fret
And toss the soul—aye, and 't shall hold aloof
The summer sun lest some fierce ray should burn
Thy tinted cheek.

RHODA. And when the autumn comes?

JUBAL. It never comes to truest love. Flowers
Are always on the lea when summer's in
The heart. But should it be, then would I pile
The driftwood on the hearth and there enfold

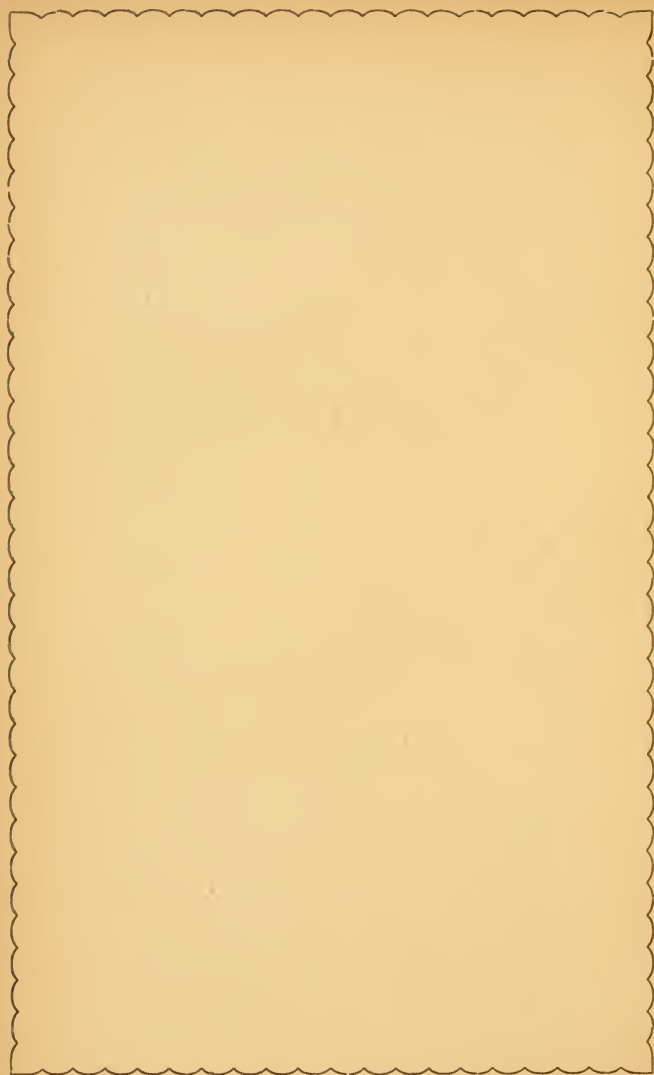
Thee in undying warmth. I love thee truly—
Do not doubt my love.

RHODA. I do not doubt,
Indeed. Love-laden words, sweet delicacies
Of the tongue, lose not their charm in speech.
'Tis woman's fault to like their mellow sound:

"To be loved is just as sweet
As 'tis to love. Words that rise
From my heart cannot repeat
Their message; but, sweetheart, my eyes
Mirror all thy bliss."



“Mighty men, men of renown.”



BOOK II.

PATRIOTISM.

SYNOPSIS.—Hannah, having returned to her chamber and read her lover's message, her mind reverts to the incidents which have contrived to separate them. 1st.—The war: 2nd.—Their General's death, the resolution of Tubal Cain and his departure.

Meanwhile alone within her chamber Hannah
Sat. Upon her lap the letter lay,
And down beside her feet the wrapper torn
Across. With elbow resting on her knee
And nestling cheek deep-seated in her palm,
She through the open casement looked across
The garden in deep thought.

The happy smile
Still lingered on her lips, called forth by those
Sweet lines that lay unheeded in her lap,
And memory fond, unsurfeited with what
The present held, brought back the past, and bid
Ethereal fancy raise the sombre scene:

And war was in Havillah. Foreign foe

Had trespassed on their shores with warlike signs,
Possessed himself of part of their fair land,
And dared resist in boldness and disdain.
Then had the insult's bitter feeling come,
Kindling a patriotic fire that
Even a mother's teardrops could not quench;
The peaceful instrument thrown down to grasp
The battle blade, and went their general forth,
With gathered host, in stern array—the tramp
Of trained feet, the clattering hoofs, all mixt
Amidst the thunder of grim wheels, and all
To meet the foe, and some to meet their death.

This Hannah saw and then another scene:

Days intervened, and weeks and months made
up

The passing seasons, yet no peaceful signs,
Till weary of the burden of the times,
King Lamech called his trusted councilors
And state affairs they with grave mein reviewed.
There honored Ashur stood with serious face,
In thoughtful attitude; he who, when ranged
Bold Zeram's band over Havillah's plains,
Had by sage council saved his city, Nod,

From plunder. Near him sat Othniel; he
Whose warlike mood shone through his reverence,
For in his youth full many a foe had felt
His iron strength: and others, mighty men,
Men of renown—Joachem, Pileser,
Dositham, Malchan, Ush, Noachial
And Jashuk. There prince Jubal stood, far-famed
In gentleness and song; prince Tubal Cain,
Renowned for strength and brave and martial
deeds;
And others were who bore their fears upon
Their visages.

Then were the hours filled up
With totals and particulars, and grave
Discussions and debates, till lo ! amidst
It all, uncalled, abrupt and heedless, burst
A messenger, spent with his haste and terror,
Crying out, "O worthy king, the general's slain !
Our noble general's dead !" And turning all,
They saw him quaking stand, with woful face,
In fear lest in their wrath some hand might strike
Him down. Dead, dead ! O from that word
what ghosts
Arise ! And when the messenger speaks on

It is more woe: "O pardon, noble king !
The warriors' loud lament more awful is
Than all the din of war. In him we all
Are slain, for those who stand up in his stead
Lead on but to defeat; and Enoch's walls
Shall save us not unless his like arise."
Then were there lamentations, then grim looks
Forshadowing dire revenge, and exclamations
And resolves such as great men are wont
In wrath to speak; and Malchan, far-famed son
Of Kishi, thus:

"O Lamech, king of all
Havillah. Well he knew how dangerous
His charge, but without fear he was and true
To his own land and us. I weep for us
Who lose him. Between Enoch's walls and those
Who lead our enemy, he was a wall
Without a wall, 'gainst arms impregnable.
In Dor, when sore oppressed the Ithnan host,
He cleft a way through the opposing ranks
And led his followers out. And when there broke
The dreadful thunder of the Elon war
Upon us, who dared to come out against
His mighty arm? Who is there cannot cite

Some instance of his valor ? All for what ?
Because he loved his land and all therein !
And shall his fall so fire the common heart
That children shall be warriors grown with
thoughts
Of full revenge !”

Then old Othniel thus
The silence broke with angry mood: “O had
I back my youth ! ’Tis age’s curse to have
An eye to see and not the power to do !
To live to see such foreign foe to come,
March on unchallenged, and when send we forth
Hack off our limbs and laugh to see us bleed.
O, you who plead for peace, let drift your souls
Some farther out and see us as we are;
The time is ripe, and hastes its harvest day.
Shall we be traitors to the day and need
That call for sacrifice, and murder virtue
Lest our selfish bodies want ? I speak,
And speak for many more, that this the land
I love shall drink my feeble blood ere I
Will live my few remaining years the slave
Of those who plunder us. My strength is past,
Yet can I weep and die to feel the hurt

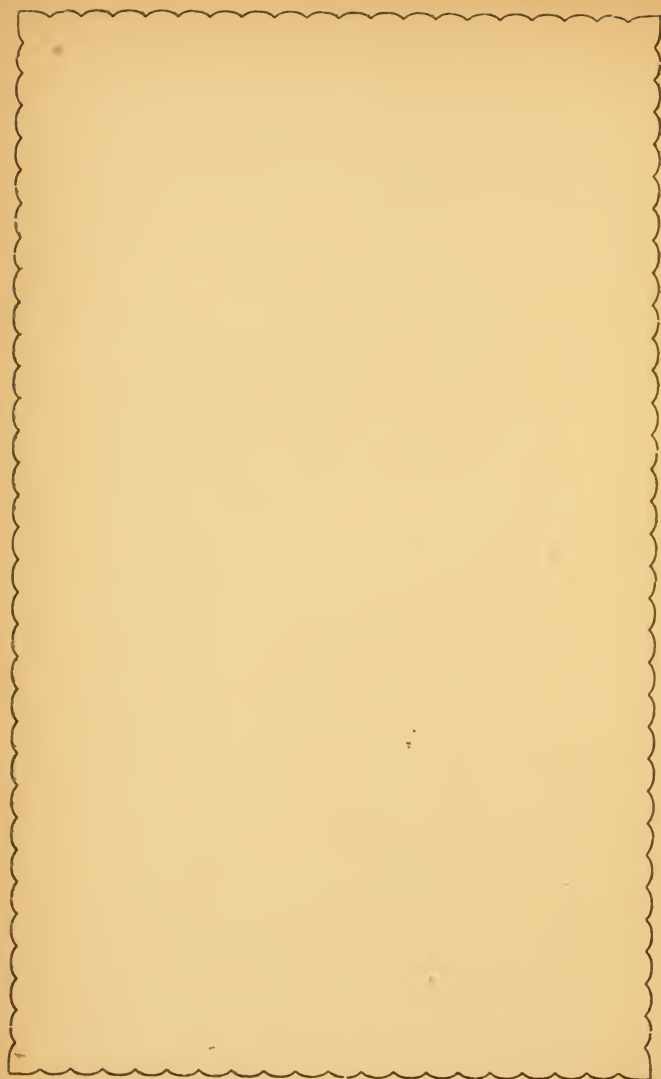
And see our valor ebbing out. O words!
Are ye our all? O for some hand to do!"

Thus aged Othniel spoke. 'Gain Hannah saw
The tempest stir the heart of Tubal Cain,
Till now, with honor flashing from his eye
And stern determination on his face,
He rose up midst them as one when the last
Stay of his patience totters and falls down,
And deep emotion bursts forth uncontrolled
Until the spiirt shakes the very limbs
That hold it captive, and he thundered forth:
"Before high heaven I swear that I will lift
This, Tubal's hand, and I will die before
The cause be lost!" Then fixed their many eyes
Themselves upon him; saw the valor flame
Into his cheek, and saw his mighty arm
Uplifted, not in anger but as one
Who registers a solemn vow before
The unforgetting God. None spake until
At last old Rumah found protesting voice:

RUMAH. There may be peace, O prince, with-
out more deeds
Of blood.



Tubal Cain....
expert and famous in martial performances.



TUBAL. That may be true for others; for myself

I cannot longer sleep contentedly
Neglecting what has been bequeathed to me.
I ask but what is honest, and the call
Of duty will not let me calmly stand
And see my own and rightful property
Be stewarded by others.

RUMAH. Shall we give
More heroes' blood for a few feet of clay?

TUBAL. Do you, when sickness comes and
steals away
The sunshine from the eyes you fondly love,
The rose-red from the lips, the sprightliness
That marks the body in its happy state,
Leave the afflicted one in death's cold grasp
And say "take this but take no more"? Or do
You quick apply such remedies as bring
Again the glow of health into the cheek,
The light into the eye, with prayers to God
Your treasure be not lost? This too is true:
The country needs a patriot where home
Doth need a friend. Peace is a word too often
Used to cloak men's cowardice. Thy scant

Aged argument thou wilt do well to spout
Upon some infant mind where have not yet
Sweet patriotism been awaked from sleep.
I will be true to honor or will lay
This lifeless clay before some stronger arm.

RUMAH. Perhaps some of my youthful fire
burns out,
But yet experience hath not dulled my mind.
I know it for a truth that it is far
More easy to advance than to retreat.
Weigh well your thoughts; I, too, have fought,
and know
The sweetness of success, but if—

TUBAL. If ? say
Not if to me; a treacherous, hollow word,
Which now smacks of a sound that's traitorous.
I'll waste no more these moments when an hour
May save a kingdom. Let our people know
That Tubal Cain no longer stays, for here
And now I say to all, farewell.

But scarce

The words had fallen from his lips, when she,
Fair Hannah's self, o'erwrought and nervous,
stood

A moment on the portal, for that word
"Farewell" had stolen her will and blanched her
cheek
Into a deadly whiteness. She, next moment,
Clutching his arm, and with uplifted face
And woful, thinking not but of his safety
Whom she loved, was looking in his eyes,
While he, stunned by her sorrow, stood quite still,
With head bent down, as though some power un-
seen
Had robbed him of his speech.

"Give up the light,
Perhaps the life" she said, "that hath in it
The lives of all of us? Farewell? No, no!
O let these eyes of mine be suns to melt
Away your icy will!"

TUBAL. Sweetheart, they are
The sun, the moon and all the stars to me,
None other could thus move me for I love
You more than I do love all else. Make me
Not think the voice of duty stronger than
The voice of truest love. No sacrifice,
No victory. Let these your misty eyes
Grow brighter, for I shall return and soon.

HANNAH. Ah, if I *knew* thou wouldst. O do
but take

The danger from the times and I will rest
Content indeed. But war is waged to kill.
O say you will not go ! Look you but on
Thy kingly father, aged with this new grief,
His head bent forth until it rests upon
His bosom, and fast gathering tears o'erflow
The lids and fall upon his royal robe—
A voice that more than speaks. O do not go!
We may be happy though not conquerors.

TUBAL. Would that I heard no other voice
than this!

It cannot be. Now doth the future need
A friend. The present bitterness shall be
The seed to bring us happy harvest. When your
Sweet voice cannot persuade none else need
speak.

But ask me not to hide my face when times
Are dangerous. 'Tis but your love that speaks,
Not your whole self. When time has shown to
you

How groundless are your fears, 'twill also show
The justness of my way. I charge you keep

The clouds away from these now rainy eyes:
Farewell !

And he with many a backward glance
Had gone, and left her drooping in the arms
Of those who loved her less.

Thus had it been;
And thus did fancy call it up again
From out the shadowy past; and Hannah's soul
Grew wondrous sad, and kindly folding up
The re-read missive, she, with lips from which
The smile had faded, kissed it with a sigh.



“Tubal exceeded all other men in strength, and
was very expert and famous in martial
performances.”



BOOK III.

GREATNESS.

SYNOPSIS.—Jubal repeats to Rhoda the beginning of the final conflict; its progress; the generous love of Tubal Cain shown at the defeat of prince Tasmah, and its reward.

Beside the bank of that clear rivulet
Which had their only listener been so oft
They loved it, sat Jubal and Rhoda. She
With happy countenance drank in his words,
While he, his brother's praises on his lips,
Recounted Tubal Cain's heroic deeds
With voice of love that seemed to take away
The awfulness of war:

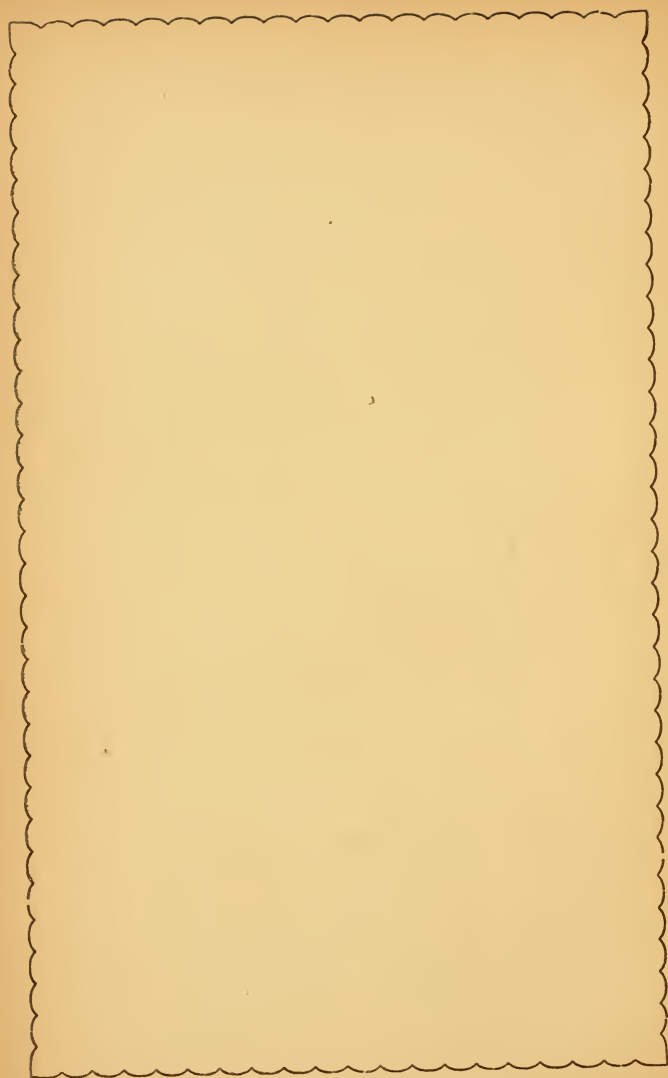
Nor night nor day
When through the broken shadows of the east,
In robes of gray, the Spirit of the Morning
Came; and slow her step and sad her heart
As down across the unhappy hill she moved
Contemplating. For in her mind was born

Th' impending horrors of the day that soon
Would break the stillness. And her soft caress
Lingered as she woke the violet
And daisy, saying: "Soon the sun will see
Your fragrance quite crushed out, your beauty
lost,

Beneath unheeding feet, and you shall lift
Your kindly eyes to those that feel no pity.
A tiny seed set out, your little lives
Have hoarded up the summer sunshine's cheer,
The dewdrop's purity, the evening's glow,
And blending all into your happy lives
Are pleased to be the jewels of the grass.
O happy flowers! No pomp, no vanity;
Content to bud and bloom in modest worth.
O that great man might spend his given time
Half so devout: that when there comes full bloom
Of manhood we might say, 'Here is combined
The virtue of his season, and the smile
Of charity, the fragrant breath of peace.'
But no. Deep in his heart is set the thought
Of conquest, and his eye, so coated o'er
With the thin film of pride, looks eager out
Toward the rapine and the violence



The Spirit of the Morning.



Filling the days. How fiendish Hell shall laugh
This woful day to see heaven's mortals bleed,
For ere the sun has reached one-fourth his course
The trembling air shall thicken with the souls
That wing their way from this unhappy vale.
Ah! many an eye shall ope in yonder tents
To close again while yet the day is full:—
Approaching morn throws her gray signals out;
I must away. Alas! the hour has come.”
And frightened from the scene, with hurried steps
She noiseless passed beyond the western hill.

Approached the day. Roused up the slumb'ring
camps,
Grim preparations for the conflict made
That soon would shake the vale of Kirzaith-Arba.
Long lines of moving bodies gathered thick
To squares and columns, as if some great arm
Invisible reached out and them toward
One common center swept. They outward
moved,
Each armed host to slaughter bent, and met
With thunderous roar. As when the lowering
clouds

Meet in mid-heavens, and grows dark the day
And fearful, till there falls the horrid flash
And then hoarse-bellowing the tempest comes,
So did this battle break. And downward looked
The ascending sun, dull-blazing as it climbed,
And watched them till high noon.

Tumultuous

Around arose the wrack of war—the clash
Of arms, the thunder of the chargers' hoofs,
And thick as leaves from trees shaken by chilling
Autumn winds the heroes fell. Amidst
It rose the form of Tubal Cain, his spirit
Spreading till it made all near him seem
His lesser counterparts. When downward came
His iron arm so surely fell a foe,
For no one was who could withstand his strength.
Clearly and far around his eye surveyed,
Bespeaking mind tireless, and when and where
His heavy blade uplifted shone it was
Grim, heeded sign for foemen to retreat
And followers to advance. He stood alone:
O, all the woful years had been a day
Had we a solid phalanx such as he!

But raged the battle on because there were
No other Tubals. Warriors less renowned
Fell in the trodden dust, their giant souls,
Wrenched from their falling habitats of clay,
Leave-taking with a shudder. The feverish day
Not man alone felt. Chargers riderless,
Dilating nostrils giving signs of fear,
Over the prostrate form plunged uncontrolled:
Or foaming, fiery steeds, undriven, dragged
The reckless car, and on its floor stretched out
The warrior lay, whose breast inanimate
No longer felt the deadly spear transfixed
His heart, relaxed his guiding grasp, and turned
Eager advance into retreat terrific.
O, how the unfeeling fates together clash
The elements when two such equal armies
Meet! Discordant thus the hosts of earth
Or hell care not to strive, nor can unceasing,
And the end of this great battle came,
Yet not with stormy fury of revenge,
But in such act of nobleness as seemed
A kindly lily left untouched within,
A trampled garden.

Came now forth a foe,
And in his veins ran royal blood, no less
Than Tasmah, son of the opposing king,
Havillah's enemy, against our great
And valiant prince. In times of peace they would
Have met in courtesy and kindness, but
So wrought by warfare's bitterness, that form
Fashioned to be admired, was but a prized
Receptacle that held appeasing blood.
Long time they fought, for none so exercised
Prince Tubal's prowess as this royal foe.
Afar their glittering, weildy weapons shone,
And lesser warriors kept far back beyond
Their awful reach. Now did each moment seem
To be the herald of disastrous fall
Of him 'gainst whom the fates their anger raised,
But with full stroke impending doom was 'scaped,
Or else protecting shield proved worthy guard,
And 'gain the disturbed air, their thunderous blows
Feeling, hissed at their blades. So fought they
on
Yet could not always fight, being mortal:
And heaven or chance or fate or hell decreed
The final blow of all the war had come—

As comes the final crash of forest tree,
Huge, shaking all the woods—when Tasmah
turned

His glinting, savage weapon, cleaving part
Of Tubal Cain's conspicuous helmet off,
So close the thirsty steel descending moved.
Unhappy stroke! For with his massive strength
Prince Tubal plucked away the falling blade,
Which, like a straw struck by the angry gust,
From Tasmah's grasp a sudden parting took,
And leaping wildly from him sought the earth
In dangerous circuit. Before our prince,
Unsuccored, Tasmah fell, vanquished, undone,
And from his lips the blood inconstant fled,
For well he saw in that stern countenance
The shortness of his life. Then, as if some
Great sadness came upon him, sigh escaped
Him great as seemed to rend his heart in twain,
And raising up anon an anguished face
These words fell from his lips:

“Think not that fear
Thus moves me, valorous Tubal Cain. My life
Is thine, and bravely hast thou won a prize

That other foes risked death to gain and gained
Death in the risk. But yet I know the bravest
Are most merciful. Perhaps thy neck
Hath felt the fond caress of woman's arms.
If thy great heart doth know true love's eternal
Warmth,—if thou hast loved, remember her
Who loves thee, and then think how one do love
Me, virtuous and beautiful as she.
Could this unfeeling blade dispatch at once
Both she and I, then would we not say 'hold'.
But ah! that lingering and mysterious death
That sometimes we call grief: to think how life's
Long bitterness will slowly steal the roses
From her cheeks, bend down her queenly form
And wrinkle that fair brow before life's winter
Comes, makes me to speak for her. If thy
Lips hast not breathed forth vows to virtuous
woman,
Let that mighty stroke fall down at once
Lest thou shouldst think I make a craven plea."

As when the storm is passed, the sun comes
forth,
And nature takes her fair serenity



But nature's blank indifference that sat
On all the scene....
—Page 67.



Again, so changed the wrathful countenance
Of Tubal Cain. His warlike aspect vanished;
Down at his side his harmless weapon fell,
Over his face love's sunshine came again,
And in a voice so kind he seemed to speak
To one he loved, he said: "Go prince, and may
God speed thee."

"O, what noble act!" cried Rhoda.

" 'Twas truly so" said Jubal: "and it was
Rewarded nobly. For the vanquished prince
Returning to the presence of the king,
Made known the happenings of the day—for
now
The night had come and both the armies had
Retired unvictorious to their tents—
And spake in such a way of Tubal's deeds,
His valor and his honor, as to move
The old, stern king to sympathy, to tears.
'O worthy king and father,' thus the prince;
'I had been honored to have such a one
For executioner. But when it seemed
That I must part this life, before my eyes
Its every beauty flashed.

The scenes I loved,
The seaward flowing stream that wound along
Until its dimmer line was lost among
The rising willows; the hills and thickets where
Angelic spring changed by a smile the cold,
Dead snow into a living vesture; where
Loved summer with her magic touch did change
The blossom into fruit, and where we saw
The solemn autumn come, and gath'ring up
The beauty of the seasons thrust them all
Into a few short glorious days. This all
Before me came, then *her* sweet face stole in
And then my heart cried out whether I would
Or no. And this my love so moved him that
I found this mighty conqueror, this stern
And valiant foe, had so much soul in him
That at the slightest feeling it did bubble
At his eyes. O king! this hand shall raise
No more against such noble enemy.'

'Well thou resoivest' spoke the king, in deep
Emotion shaken; 'and such worthy deed
Far as our tardy efforts doth allow,
Shall be at once and in his mood repaid.

Let every hostage go, and more than that,
Let richest gifts be piled up much as their
Full arms will hold—and us tomorrow's sun
Shall find not where we planned to be, for from
These famed but kindly shores we will return,
Not as an armed host that homeward bring
The plunder of sacked towns, but with the rich
And untold treasure of a new-found love
That conquers us within. Aye, Tubal shall
Be held now and forever in repute,
A reference in the heart of all that hath
A noble soul.'

“And thus it was: for when
Fair morn had brushed aside the gathered dews
Our warriors found no enemy; they saw
But nature's blank indifference that sat
On all the scene, unbroken save whence stood
Their tents came our own countrymen laden
With richest gifts, and bearing on their tongues
Many a version of this happy end.”

Thus Jubal ceased; and looking in her eyes,
And she back into his, so lovingly,
So fond, their thoughts shone forth in happy smiles.

"What else is fresh in memory," Jubal said.
"And when prince Tubal Cain triumphant came
What joy for all of us, for then you were
My bride and Hannah his. And who can tell
But when the years have passed, tho' lazy time
May drop some phrases out, still may they love
To speak of fair and virtuous Hannah, wife
Of Tubal Cain, and him exceeding all
In strength, expert and famous in great deeds,
And Rhoda, lovely bride of Jubal, famed
Musician and inventor of the harp?"

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